

JE T'ADORE.

A LOVE SONG.

We'll listen to news
That is true and divine
And let love take root to the door,
In the quiet, present hours
To let tales be told by the door.

We love to have health
And we love to have wealth.
And a smile from the one we adore;
But when cold bitterns blow
With their wings of snow
Give us one who shuts closely the door.

American Commercial Traveller

ANTICIPATION.

Life's soul of bliss never sales itself,
Nor credits us for what we do not;
Our highest hope, our greatest wealth
Lies in the pleasure of pursuing.

So measure we our ends aright,
In sunshine and in sorrow;
It is not what we have today,
But what we hope to be to-morrow.

SAVING HARD SINNERS.

BY JOHN STEPHEN.

Two commercial travelers sat in the office of the Brunswick Hotel. The younger, "I have just obtained an inside position in the firm, and will leave the road, I imagine, for some time. I have had enough of hotel and restaurant life, and am determined to try the portal of home, if not home itself, a boarding house. Do you know of any good place?"

"No, Jim; I've not been boarding for years. The best way is to put an advertisement in one of the Sunday papers, and you will have plenty of replies, for Chicago is divided into two classes, those who board and those who keep house."

"I should like to get a nice, quiet place, where I could have some home comforts, a little music, a chat in the parlor, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh, yes. I know all about it. Mr. James Barclay. You have got romantic notions of boarding houses and expect to find in them all the comforts of home, but you will learn that there is no place like home, and trying to find a substitute in a boarding house is like trying to gather figs from thistles and grapes from thorns."

"Come now, this is the cheery rejoinder, 'don't try to discourage me. I think I can get through an advertisement just the place I want.'"

"No doubt you may. It seems to me there is nothing under the sun that may not be obtained through the medium of an advertisement."

"Yes, I believe you. And I don't think there is anything too ridiculous on earth in the way of an advertisement that will not elicit a reply."

"Then, suppose you illustrate the truth of your own theory by advertising for board in some quiet, out of the way manner, that will ward off the average race of professional boarding-house keepers, and bring to your relief one of these matronly souls, full of the milk of human kindness, who only keep boarders for the sake of company, and are entirely above mercenary motives?"

"Since you have been talking I have framed an advertisement, which you, no doubt, may consider ridiculous, but I bet you a supper at Kinsley's I shall get an answer to it. Here it is."

Mr. James Barclay, taking a pencil and notebook from his pocket, wrote the following:

"Board Wanted—A young gentleman, with the best of references, desires board in a refined family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will be considered as sufficient compensation for his board. Address J. B. 22, this office."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the other, in genuine astonishment, "you don't imagine for a moment that even in this big city of Chicago, which contains every shade and variety of character, from the sweetest saints to the sourest cranks, that you will find anyone so philanthropically foolish as to answer that advertisement?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas Temple, sage and sober philosopher and man of the world that you are, I will get genuine answers to this advertisement. Will you accept the bet?"

"I should say so! And being something of an epicure, will concoct the most expensive menu I can think of, and will do the supper given me by the Don Quixote of advertisers the most ample justice."

"Don't be too sure that the entertainment will be at my expense."

Both gentlemen after lighting their cigars, strolled to the office of one of the great dailies, where the singular advertisement was duly paid for and ordered to be inserted.

After this operation the friends parted, the last remark of Mr. Barclay being: "Now, my doubting St. Thomas, you will see that I get an answer, and I shall enjoy your supper and prove the truth of my theory."

In a number with four figures on Michigan avenue sat a mother and daughter in a cosy room that had every appearance, if not of oppressive opulence, yet of elegance and refinement.

"I think, my dear," said the mother, "that Harry needs more cheerful associates than we are; although, poor boy, he bears well under his affliction. But, ever since that dreadful accident which confined him to the house, his spirits, once so buoyant, seem to be depressed. I should like to engage some agreeable person to come and read to him every day for an hour or so. It would relieve you, my dear, and give Harry an opportunity to converse with some one who knows more of the outside affairs of life, of which, in our exclusive retirement, we have been so long ignorant."

"Yes, ma, I think Harry would be much improved by coming in contact daily with an intelligent person from the active circles of life. One who could talk to him of his old business associates and haunts. I could never interest myself on those subjects, and I actually forget the price of wheat two minutes after being told the latest market rate of that exceedingly fluctuating staple. I always thought staples were more steady characters."

"I hope Harry will not interest himself too much in that speculative commodity," replied the mother as a shade crossed over her face. "He can make all the money it takes to gratify an ordinary ambition out of his late father's business. But suppose, my dear, you write an advertisement that will secure the person we want."

"Suppose, mamma," replied the daughter, "I look over the newspaper and get an idea from it, about the way to word it. Here are all kinds of want, board wanted, and so forth. But just listen! Did you ever hear such an advertisement as this?"

"Board wanted—A young gentleman, with the best of references, desires board in a refined, social family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will be considered as sufficient compensation for his board."

"Did you ever hear of such assurance? Does this person really expect to find people to board him for the benefit of his edifying conduct?"

"It is rather a singular advertisement," replied the mother. "I have heard many a subterfuge of taking boarders for companions, but not without compensation. Perhaps this edifying person's conduct might be of some good to Harry, but the

probabilities are that he is a goodly-goody divinity student, and you know Harry is something of a Robert Elsmere and has peculiar views on religion."

"But, my dear, you are taking it for granted that the advertiser is a divinity student. In all probability he is a very different sort of person. He states he has the best of references. Suppose you write him a note and request him to call?"

In a few days after the insertion of the advertisement Mr. James Barclay called at the newspaper office and received but two replies. One of them read as follows: "If the good young man will apply at the penitentiary, he may find a field for his edifying conduct, as the present Chaplain is off on a vacation."

"Guess that won't sink," said Mr. James Barclay, with a grim smile. "It looks like a put-up job; there is a strong resemblance in some of these strokes to Tom Temple's handwriting; but let us see what we've got here."

The other answer was a dainty missive in a feminine hand, requesting the advertiser to call at a certain residence on Michigan avenue. It was exceedingly brief, though courteous.

Turning to the clerk with some degree of anxiety, he demanded to know if there were no other replies, and left with an incredulous look that would make any one but an advertising clerk feel uncomfortable.

On this little missive, therefore, hung the truth of a theory and an expensive supper. But Mr. Barclay was a man of resolve, and after a careful toilet was soon at the residence on Michigan avenue.

"Jingo, this is sumptuous!" he ejaculated, as his wandering eye took in the elegant surroundings. "If I get accommodations here, I'll be inclined to think the best home I've yet seen is a humbug to this place."

His reveries were cut short by the appearance of two ladies, who smiled when their unexpected visitor explained the object of his call.

The younger, Miss Susan Bedford, was a lady of convictions. She had conceived the idea that the writer of such an advertisement must surely be a divinity student, and thus she regarded him.

"Mr. Barclay," she said, reading his card, and then proceeding straightway to open the campaign. "My mother and I, the other evening, were discussing the advisability of having some company in the house for the benefit of my brother, who met with a severe accident some time ago, and has been confined to the house. We saw your advertisement, and were prompted to answer it, but I must forewarn you that my brother has led a very active commercial life, has peculiar views on religion, and dislikes to discuss theological subjects."

"Shade of Henry Ward Beecher! I wouldn't be surprised if she took me for a local preacher, thought Mr. Barclay, 'but if the interesting invalid who is to be improved by my edifying conduct is a practical business man I'll soon undeceive them.'"

"Madam," he replied, while a dimpled smile ran over his rosy, jovial face, "saving hard sinners is not my line, though I'm in the hardware trade. I'm a commercial traveler, and, as they say in our circles, 'pretty well posted on current events.'"

He gave a hearty laugh—such a one as had not been heard in that house for many a day.

Here a voice from over the banisters, much to the surprise of the ladies, called out:

"I'll bet a cool thousand that's Jim Barclay's laugh. Come up, you durned old son of a gun; I'm glad to see you!"

"Why, is that you, Harry Bedford?" cried the astonished Jim. "Well, I declare. Thought you had sold out of your father's business and gone to Europe! Well, I'm delighted to see you. I've got a whole lot of letters to tell you. You'll die laughing to hear how Pete Welsh got mashed on a widow in Duluth— but excuse me, ladies, for being so rude. I must beg of you to pardon me if I join my old friend."

"I don't think, my dear, there is much of the divinity student about that gentleman," said the mother.

"No, I don't think he mortifies the flesh, but he will be just the person to put a little life and animation into Harry. And I hope," she added, "that he may be our guest."

Mr. James Barclay was duly assimilated into the bosom of the Bedford family, proved his theory, won his supper, found "good home, cheerful spirits of the young merchant, led the young lady in due course of time to the altar, and was eventually admitted as a partner into his brother-in-law's flourishing business.

He says that if there was any way by advertising to take a chance at making the hereafter secure, he would be the first to try it.

Her Son's Wife.

A keen-eyed, wiry little old lady, with a determined expression upon her countenance and an aggressive air generally, sat directly in front of me on a Western road train, writing a correspondence. We had just left a small, dreary-looking little town in Kansas, when the old lady turned around and asked, "The next station's B—, ain't it?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I got it there," said the old lady, and having begun her confidences, she continued:

"Yes, I'm going out there to live with my daughter Harriet—that is, if we kin get along together."

"You see, I been staying awhile out in Ohio with my son Hiram, but me and his wife never could get along in this world, never! Aint it awful how extravagant young folks are nowadays? It wasn't so when I was young."

"The times are different," I said.

"That's no excuse for a woman throwing away whole half-loaves of bread, is it?" she asked, sharply, and when I made no reply, she went on:

"And that's just what my son's wife, Ellen, did. Then she uses a whole egg every morning for clearin' coffee, when anybody knows that the yeller or the white alone will do. I've often cleared it with the shell alone, and I have made it without any egg at all, and it didn't pizen us."

I still kept silence, for my sympathy was with the son's wife, and the old lady persisted with her complaints.

"Another thing she takes good butter, at thirty cents a pound, and spreads it on beefsteak after it's cooked. Think of that! And she makes her gingerbread out of half sugar, instead of all molasses, which is good enough for anybody! It was just waste, waste, waste in that house! I expect to see the whole family in the pore-house yet, and I told my son's wife so every day I was there."

"What did she say?"

"Not a word. She never minded me, but kept right on. So I left, and if Harriet carries on like that, I'll leave her, too."

FOR THE LADIES.

HOW DAME FASHION WOULD HAVE YOU ATTIRED.

Matters of Especial Interest to Ladies Who Desire Becoming and Fashionable Toilets—The Art of Dressing Economically and Well.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

N spring a young maid's fancy lights—lyturns to thoughts of—bonnets, and this year there are so many pretty things to choose from that, after all, your fancy need only turn once or twice to get something really dainty. Bonnets with open work crowns of Persian passementerie, with a bit of silk or velvet introduced beneath, if you like; bonnets of closely laid, tiny dark-red roses, with brims well covered in velvet—who shall say that such a bonnet is at any season out of place? Bonnets with bead tops and crisp satin finishing; bonnets that avoid light lace and gauze, and light field-like flowers; bonnets that compromise themselves by neither a glimpse of straw nor of felt, but that are fresh, crisp, and safely suitable for those uncertain months between winter and spring, as it is recognized by the feminine mind on millinery bent—these are the bonnets you want to think about now.

Except it be the color of one's gowning, there is absolutely nothing so distracting, creative, or emphatic of a woman's beauty as is the shape and style of her headgear. Yet, instead of studying all periods and styles and adopting what suits one's own face, all women rush for "the latest" in the shop window. It is the combination of you and your hat which must be charming, stylish, beautiful. It won't do to buy a hat because it looks stunning on the wax head in the window. Women are called vain, but how much less attention they give to themselves than to the things they wear. Women don bonnets that make frights of them because the thing happens to please their fancy, or to be the prevailing shape among their friends. That does not, I suppose, argue lack of vanity so clearly as lack of intelligence.

The saucy Knight Templar looking hat given in the above group ought to emphasize all the piquancy of the erect, level-eyed, soldierly girl. She must have a well-defined oval contour,

low, as does the fur cap on the girl pictured further down, if cut at the right curve will call attention to a pretty, rounded contour of chin and cheek. Men's hats are more generally becoming to women than are their own hats. Why? Simply because the lines of men's hats are pronounced, unbroken by bows and feathers, and symmetrical. They establish a pleasing harmony of lines in the face beneath them at once. Women's hats are crowded with furbelows and frenzies. They are dainty things to look at, and may, through being light and airy and in flower-like combination of colors, add to the feminine softness and childlike trusting of a woman's face. But the hat would be just so much more becoming had there been some definitely maintained tendency upward, downward, or roundward in lines and decoration.

A hat with brim tilted up on one side and drooping on the other is almost always effective. Let us hope the hat (illustrated in the group), with its saucy calla lily wreath up-posed on

this side, droops prettily on the other side, and that there the lilies are replaced by soft downward curves of ribbon, silk, or leaves. The bonnet facing it would, through correctness of contour and simplicity of adornment, be only commonplace except for the pretty line the ribbon gives in passing from the back of the head under the ear to the chin. A young woman whose cheek-line is still unbroken, and whose chin rounds prettily, can do this. Faces that need to have the oval of the lower part forced, must wear their strings in front of the ear. Then the required oval is readily made by the brim of the bonnet and the curve of the strings, and the face is framed therein.

The bonnet in the second picture has the broad sweep of curve, of which I spoke, from temple to temple; and see how well it suits the low, wide brow and the eyes set well apart.

Is there a church fair on your social horizon? Just study this last picture, then? Nothing sets off a woman's figure as does a well-cut apron. This one is particularly well cut. Then, too, you can make cake-cutting an excuse for the old-fashioned lace mitts, than which nothing has been invented more calculated to enhance beauty of contour and of color of a woman's arm.

The skin looks doubly white and fine through the black meshes, the outlines of wrist and forearm are followed faithfully, the uncovered fingers seem longer and more taper from the black above. The girl who can cut such an angel in her pretty combination of "dress" and "kit-chen" can surely cut an angel cake to the remuneration of any church fair.—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Fashion Facts.

Silk mull promises to be a favorite material for late spring and summer dresses.

Many summer costumes will be made up in pink and black—a favorite combination for that season.

A novelty in ribbons is the new repped ribbon with edges of gauze. It is very pretty and makes up well.

Mourning mantles are big capes of fine, dull, black wool. They have deep bands of crape down the front.

New cloth robes for spring wear are ornamented with woven embroidery in a single metal, as gold, silver, or steel.

Wraps, mantles, and peleries will all be very small, and late fashions show them in immense variety of style.

Some very handsome theater bonnets of recent manufacture are made wholly of velvet flowers in soft and delicate shades.

Light summer vests will have five buttons and a collar when cut single-breasted. When double, but four buttons must be worn.

The rage for canes is so great that no well-regulated young man who has less than half a dozen can lay the least claim to even self-respect.

The babies' best gowns are now often made of white washing silks, with the most delicate torchon lace for trimming, in place of the time-honored cambric and embroidery.

Spring dresses for the street will be made of dark wool serge, trimmed with black open-work galloon as a border, and vest placed over light cloth of a color contrasting with that of the serge.

Gowns of good black cashmere, made with long straight redingote and brightened with vest, cuffs, collar, and revers of gold braid mixed with black-silk Hercules braid, are stylish, elegant, and serviceable.

Delicate gray, reseda, fawn, and rush-green are the shades of spring cashmires, which are elaborately embroidered in colored silks and metals on the draped front of the corsage and skirt.

The waist of cashmere is over a pointed lining, on which it is draped to show no darts, the embroidered part extending in a single piece across to the left side and thence to the long point, where it is met by a girdle of ombre ribbon. The back has the embroidery in a point down to the waist line, and the skirt hooks there above the edge. The sleeves are full over a coat-sleeve lining, with draped folds of the embroidery at the top and at the wrists, where an embroidered band is set under like an undersleeve and held by a small ombre bow. The skirt is straight behind and very full, with very short sleeves and no pad bustle.

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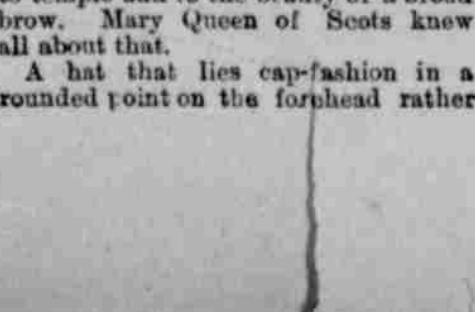
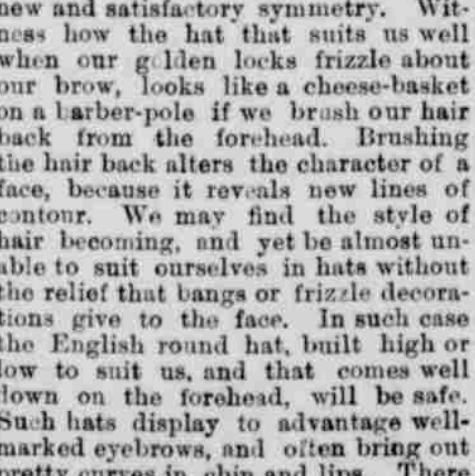
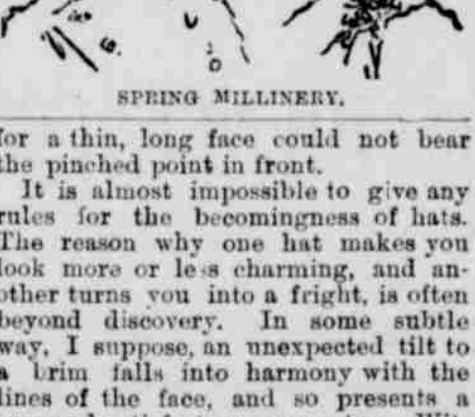
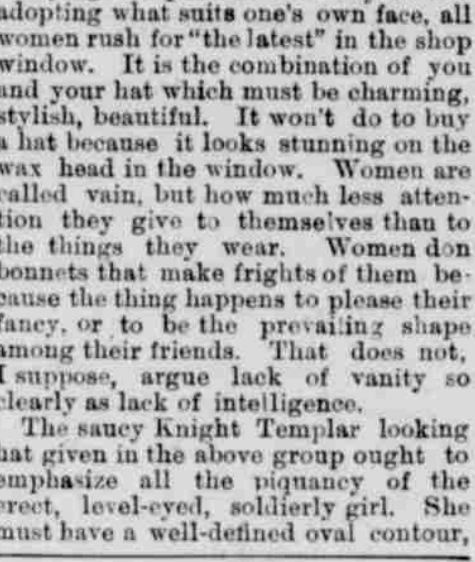
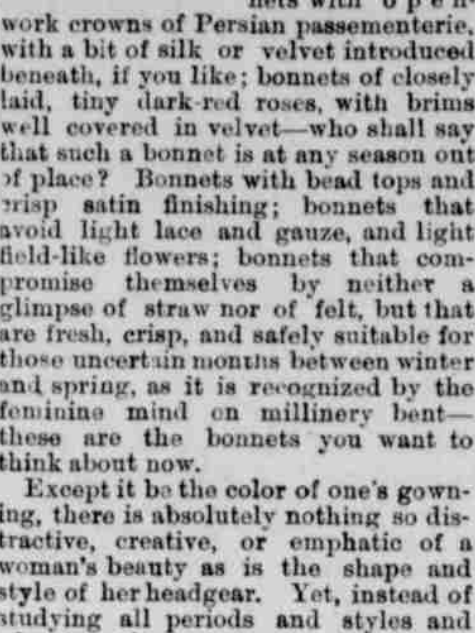
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